

CARMEL CYMBAL

and MASTEN'S GAZETTE

Nov. 16 • No. 20

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MAY 15, 1942

FIVE CENTS



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

BARBARA WINSLOW

Carmel is saddened by the death of Barbara Winslow in San Francisco, shortly after her removal there from her Carmel home. A bright and vital person, who bore the suffering of the past year with the same spirit she manifested in the full vigor of her beautiful strength, Barbara Winslow leaves behind her memories which can and will enhance the value of the lives of those who knew her. Barbara Winslow gave vitality to life, on the tennis courts, in her social contacts and within the portals of her home. How pitiful it is that life should have retaliated, not with the justifiably full measure of health and happiness, but with illness and pain that broke through the barrier of her smiles and tore her down. We can find tears for Ada Winslow who first lost the story of a happy companionship with her lovely daughter and now loses the glory of service which, to a mother, measures so high in joy.

ERRORS?

Last week there appeared in The Cymbal, over the initials of the editor, two little bits that appear to have reached some strange and inexplicable point of reaction on the part of two or three readers of The Cymbal. The most inexplicable thing about this reaction is that these persons could possibly be readers of The Cymbal.

One of the bits was the heading, in quotes, over our editorial announcement of "A Column for Army Wives", the first installment of which appeared in the current issue. It seems in the mind of two or three persons was the idea that we were trying to be funny with a serious subject; even worse than funny—a bit suggestive.

We don't feel that we need to defend our inherent sense of perspective, but we'll quote the rest of George Sterling's beautiful lines which were engraved on an arch at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915:

"For lasting happiness we turn to one alone,
"And she surrounds you now.
"Great Nature, refuge of the weary heart;
"The only balm for breasts that have been bruised.
"She hath cool hands for every fevered brow,
"And gentlest silence for the troubled soul."

The other bit and the limited reaction to it prompts us to re-

(Continued on page 2)

Obey This Order or Get a Stiffer One

Musical Art Has Program Sunday

The Musical Art Club will present the last musicale of the season next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the lounge at Hotel Del Monte.

A program of unusual interest has been arranged. This will be the last opportunity for members to use their guest tickets. Members should plan to attend the meeting for election of officers, preceding the program at 2:30.

At the last program of the season the Musical Art Club always presents artist members of the club.

Anyone wishing to join the club for the next season will have the added privilege of attending this last musicale by telephoning to apply for membership before Saturday to Mrs. Laurence Lyon, Monterey 4590.

The program for this Sunday afternoon is as follows:

"Who Is Sylvia?" Schubert
"Press Thy Cheek Against Mine Own." Jensen
Vision Fugitive from "Herodiade" Massenet

Carl Benaburg, baritone
Spanish Dance Granados
Lento Cyril Scott
Valse in E Minor Chopin
Aguie Machado, pianist

"She Never Told Her Love." Haydn

"Die Mai Nacht." Brahms
"Morgen." Strauss
"Nebbie." Respighi

Gabrielle Kuster, soprano
(Cello obbligato by Mr. Kuster)
Sonata for Violin (arranged for cello by Mr. Kuster.)

Elayne Lavrans
Edward G. Kuster, cellist

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Riordan spent part of last week in San Francisco.

Queries — from Everywhere — Begin To Come in About Carmel's Eighth Bach Festival

Plans for Carmel's Eighth Annual Bach Festival are near completion, as the circulars of this nationally-recognized musical event will shortly announce. Questions which are coming through the mail from outside patrons cover such points as follows:

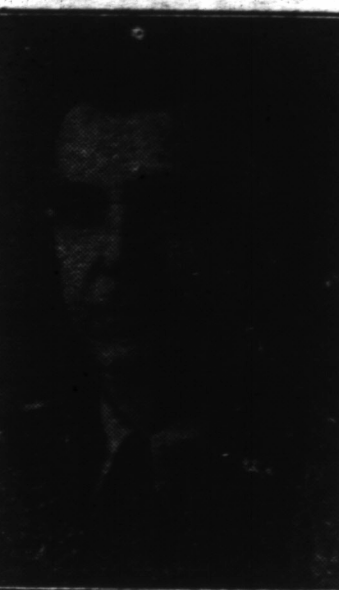
The date—July 20-26.

Conductor—Gastone Usigli.

Program—Three evening programs of Bach and a matinee, presenting the B minor Mass; Cantata, "Praise Our God"; piano and violin concerti and orchestral works. Also two afternoon organ recitals. One evening devoted to the works of Mozart and another to miscellaneous composers, from pre-Bach to Beethoven.

Soloists—Many nationally fa-

Carmel Is Proud



JOSEPH W. STILWELL
Lieutenant-General

the week's hero of the Orient. Home address—Carmel, California. In it at present—the charming Mrs. Joseph W. Stilwell; two talented daughters, almost as charming, Winifred and Allison, and Benjamin, the strapping boy, who has a collection of cricket cages. We can't say just why, but if you know the lovely family on The Point, you somehow get the answer to the man who is leading the armed forces of a people they all have learned to love, against a spearhead of Japan.

FRANCIS WHITAKER, ONCE OUR BLACKSMITH, NOW WAR DEFENSE TEACHER

Francis Whitaker, who has been working in the shipyards up around the bay, has been appointed an instructor in welding in the Waldo Training School, a government-controlled institution for national defense education.

Navy Means It When It Says "Shield Lights from Sea"; Complete Blackout Maybe

Straight from the Twelfth Naval District through the Peninsula Civilian Defense organization comes the order to us to prevent enemy submarines from spotting our war and merchant vessels by reason of their silhouettes against the lights from our shores.

This is a command and the Navy means it.

The order has been delivered to us by Mayer Keith Evans, head of the Carmel Civilian Defense. We must blind every window of our homes or business establishments that faces the sea, and we must keep them blinded.

Elmer Cox Dies Suddenly Here

Elmer Cox is dead!

To anyone who has lived in Carmel for the past ten years that is the strangest thing. There was something about every movement of that man which seemed to say he would live forever; that always there would be Elmer Cox. It just doesn't seem possible that never again will we see that great figure swing up Ocean Avenue, hear that booming voice. Death can do the weirdest things.

And Elmer M. Cox, who died suddenly early yesterday morning at his Scenic Drive home, was only 57 years old. He was born in Madera. As a colonel he was a veteran of World War I. He had lived a busy life since then, too. He came to live in Carmel 18 years ago just before his retirement as chief federal officer for the prohibition district which extended from San Francisco to San Luis Obispo. His exploits as a prohibition officer would make a book. For instance, there's the time he captured three high-jackers and their loaded truck on the highway alone and single-handed, by holding a fake conversation with a man who wasn't in his car, but who, the high-jackers thought, was covering them as Cox disarmed them.

He was at one time assistant manager of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

Besides his wife, Ruth, he leaves his father, Elmer H. Cox of San Francisco; a married daughter, Mrs. James K. Renson of Grants Pass, Ore.; a daughter, Edith, 17, and a son, Richard, 12, of Carmel.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow morning (Saturday) at the Freeman-Rancadore chapel in Monterey. Entombment will be in Cypress Lawn Cemetery, Colma.

BACH REHEARSALS ON ONDAY EVENING

Another outlet for army wives and anyone else who can sing is offered by the Bach Festival rehearsals on Monday evenings at Sunset School. Miss Dene Denny is personally directing the rehearsals this year.

The street lights will soon be dimmed—as soon as the P. G. & E. can arrange for shading them. The San Simeon Highway will be closed to all but residents of the district down the coast, and they may travel it only with their parking lights burning.

Traffic regulations for the Peninsula will soon be issued and they will be enforced.

The Cymbal urges your religious cooperation with this effort of the government to protect our ships. It urges it principally because it is right and necessary, and it urges it also because if we do not cooperate the Navy will black us out completely for the duration of the war.

And there will be boats off shore repeatedly to check on our cooperation. There is no way out! We must obey.

Reception at Art Gallery To Be In Afternoon

The reception that was to be held at 8 p. m. on Wednesday in honor of the opening of the new show in the Carmel Art Gallery, has been changed to 4 p. m. because of the new "dim out" order issued by the navy.

Members of the association and their guests will be served a delicious assortment of cake, sandwiches and cookies, and to wash it down will have a choice between punch and tea.

FILM SHOWING AIR RAID AT FORUM MAY 22

"The Warning", a three-reel film showing the reality of an air raid in a typical British city with the destruction that accompanies it, the work of defense done by military and organized civilian corps, with authentic actual war shots, will be shown at the postponed Civilian Defense-Carmel Forum on Friday evening, May 22, at Sunset School, instead of tonight, as had been originally planned.

Mrs. George McClure and her son, Wood, left Friday for San Francisco to attend the Searles-True wedding. She had as her guest Miss Ellen Brown of Carmel.

late an incident that happened on an eastern newspaper back in 1932.

A young, inexperienced reporter in the sports department had been entrusted with the duty of preparing a caption for the picture of a dog. How the caption got by the sports editor and the copy desk and into the paper we don't know, but it did and this was it:

"Queen of Calisthene, golden cocker, entered in the Seventh Annual Kennel Club Show next week by Mrs. Adrienne Cohan, an attractive and likely bitch."

The sports editor, the mean side of whose nature was not small, informed the terrified reporter that he would have to take the responsibility and, if Mrs. Cohan appeared, he would have to face her. She appeared, all right—we were present at the time. She walked in with stern mien and flashing eye, waving the newspaper clipping and demanding to know the author of the caption. The reporter stumbled forth to meet her. She stared soberly at him for a second, then the corners of her mouth curled in a smile; she thrust out her hand and said: "I want to thank you. That's about the nicest thing ever said about me."

And she meant it, too.

WE'LL SHOW BEN STELWELL'S CRICKET CAGES

Sometime around two years ago, or maybe more, the Cymbal's editor journeyed down to a beautiful home on The Point to "interview" a colonel in the United States Army by the name of James W. Stilwell. When we got there, we discovered that while we were on our way, sometime between our leaving The Cymbal office and arriving at the Stilwell home, the colonel had become a general.

That should have interested us no end, shouldn't it have? And the fact that the colonel—no, general—had just come from China where he had been the military representative of the United States, also should have had us in a dither. If those were not enough we should have gotten considerably excited about his daughter, Winifred, who collects Chinese musical instruments and plays them, too; or his daughter, Alison, who, the art critics claim, is the first non-Chinese who paints in the Chinese way with the true Chinese manner and spirit of doing it.

But neither the general nor his daughter nor the remarkable things about them proved the charm to which we succumbed. No, it was young Ben, the son, who got us—got us with his cricket cages.

What's a cricket cage? It's a cage for crickets. Yes, yes, but why? Because in China they fight crickets as we, or some of us, fight cocks. Every self-respecting Chinese has a cricket, and every self-respecting cricket has a cage. And what a cage he has. When a Chinese makes a cricket cage he gets into the realm of Rembrandt and Christopher Wren. They're wonderful and they're surpassingly beautiful and they're made of carved ebony and ivory.

But the point is that next week The Cymbal will display Ben Stilwell's cricket cages in the window of its office on Dolores street. You'll be fascinated. And, too, we think you'll be fascinated by the story we'll write for you about them next

week; about them and the fighting crickets of China.

THESE STEINBECK CRITICS

We take issue with these carping critics of Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down". We take more than an issue; we're fighting mad about their silly assumptions as to what Steinbeck was trying to do and, as they say, so miserably failed. And we don't except the marvelous Clifton Fadiman of the New Yorker and "Information Please." We don't know why it rests with us to be the only person in America who understands what Steinbeck was trying to do, and, we declare, so ably succeeded in doing.

"His Nazi soldiers in Norway are completely out of character," say the critics. Who in hell told them Steinbeck was writing about Nazi soldiers in Norway? Surely Steinbeck didn't and doesn't in any part of "The Moon Is Down." Imagine these people, who, we presume, have read "Tortilla Flat", "Of Mice and Men" and "The Grapes of Wrath", declaring that Steinbeck fails in creating character and characters.

We can hear Steinbeck answering, if he deigned to answer, with the admission that he doesn't know anything about a Nazi soldier, much less a Nazi soldier in Norway, and not knowing anything about a Nazi soldier he made no attempt to draw one. Why, heavens and earth, Steinbeck is the man who made Lennie and Tom Joad, why—words fail me!

"The Moon Is Down" has no essence of a character story except in the picture of the Mayor and, perhaps, the girl whose husband was killed by the invaders. Steinbeck was writing a different kind of book. He was writing an allegory. He created automatons of sweetness and light in his invaders of a democratic country, of a free-living people's land. He was showing that invasion of such a land can itself possess gallons of the milk of human kindness and never succeed. He wasn't picturing a people invading; he was picturing a people invaded.

"The Moon Is Down" is the best piece of propaganda the democracies have in this war. It is meant to show, and it does show, that no power on earth can crush a free people; can take their liberty away from

Just in Case

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE TOWN

Carmel, in a pine forest, (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unashamed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to the realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate limits dwell during the tranquil nine months of the year about 2,800 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm, and about 1287 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 425 acres and have 1602 dwellings built thereon, some enhancing the beauty of the acres, most of them detracting the natural beauty in which they crouch. We tolerate 172 separate and distinct, but seldom distinctive places of business.

Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits, are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields, La Loma Terrace, Walker Tract and Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 1,000 human beings and 387 dogs. Also using us for shopping purposes and too often as a recipient for voluntary advice, (a habit not at all foreign to the residents of the directly adjacent sections), are Carmel Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs his Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 500 humans; dogs, 188.

That gives us about 4,300 human beings and 1,872 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

Our snob department begs leave to report as follows:

Fred Bechdolt, Dr. Francis Lloyd, Dorothea Castelhorn, Talbert Josselyn, Anne Martin, Mary Bulkeley, Herbert Heron and Peter Hanna live in Carmel; Sam Byrre, Shannah, Susannah and Michael Stanton and Howard Veit live in Pebble Beach; William Hirschel, Martin Flavin, Edward Weston and Dr. D. T. MacDougal live at the Highlands; Robert Wallace Ritchie lives in Hatton Fields; Corum Jackson and Melvyn Douglas live in the Mission Tract.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council

them, either with bombs or with bon bons.

John Steinbeck is greater than these critics thought he was as the author of "Of Mice and Men" and "The Grapes of Wrath". He can write great books in more than one category.

— W. K. B.

who, with their designated commissions, are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Keith B. Evans.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Bernard Rowntree.

Commissioner of Streets—P. A. McCree.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Fred U. McIndoe.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Frederick M. Godwin.

The above get nothing but kind words and curses for their labor. The paid officers of the city are City Clerk and Assessor—Saldee Van Bower.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

The above, including the members of the city council are elected by the people. The following are appointive (paid) officers:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Rose.

Building Inspector—Floyd Adams.

Telephone 461.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Hefling.

Telephone 378.

Police Department—Chief, Roy Frattini; Patrolmen, Earl Westmuth, Leslie Overhulse, Frank L. Hay, Edward Jellich, Woffard Duffer. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief, Vincent Torres; Chief and 24 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers.

Fire house on Sixth street between San Carlos and Mission streets. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean Avenue and Seventh streets.

The city council holds its regular meetings there on the first Wednesdays after the first Mondays of each month at 7:45 p. m.

CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Mayor Keith Evans, chief coordinator. Mrs. Cedric Rowntree, in charge of all women's activities. Telephone 1924-W.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Carmel Public Library, officially named the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library, is on the north-east corner of Ocean Avenue and Lincoln street. Hours are 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 1 to 5 p. m. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$2 a year is made to residents of districts outside the city limits. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during the use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a. m. at the library.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a Monterey County card and obtain county books through

the Carmel Library.

The Carmel library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display.

CARMEL MISSION

Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding peaved road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell.

(Continued on page 11)

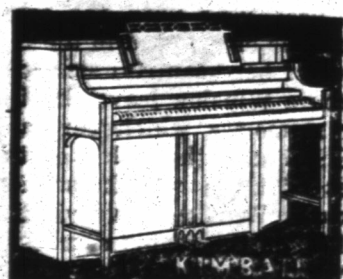
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Conrad Imelman Sells Store to W. T. Mahar

Conrad Imelman is leaving the marts of trade. As a matter of fact, he has already left them. Imelman's Sportswear Shop became the property this week of William T. Mahar of Monterey, owner of Mahar's in that city. It is understood that Mahar will sell out in Monterey.

Conrad Imelman has long been one of the institutions on Ocean avenue. He has been in business on that street since 1924. In that year he bought out the shoe store of Reese & Doud and the men's furnishing store of Russell Giles, now county treasurer. Combining these he established his Sportswear Shop in an old wooden building, owned by Ray DeYoe, at the present location of the store. In January, 1930, DeYoe told Imelman if he'd move out, he, DeYoe, would build him a nice, new, modern store. Imelman moved out — up to where Meagher's is now, occupying a store space with Barnett (you've heard of him) Segal. The new building, Las Tiendas, it's called, was completed in July of that year and Imelman moved back to stay—until now.

During the course of his commercial existence here in town, Conrad has sold a lot of merchandise, but he has also done a lot of buying. When other shops opened in competition to him, he bought 'em out. Thus into his hands at various times passed the Beverly Shop, Tom Phillips' store and Goldstein's, to be enmeshed with the two stores he had acquired in the first place to form his own.

Conrad has been a good guy in town. He has always taken a deep interest in civic affairs. He has been a good citizen. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Imelman at Eighth and Casanova streets, built by them some four years ago, is one of the most attractive in town.

Conrad doesn't know what he's going to do. "Maybe we'll follow Tilly Polak's 'Back to the land' banner," he says, "and take to the valley or the hill."

The change in ownership puts another handsome man on Ocean avenue. W. T. Mahar will be a decorative addition to the town and if he maintains here the same sort of establishment he has in Monterey, Imelman's Sportswear will continue to be a fine shop.

Mary Jane Hillyard of Walt's pistachio emporium, has gone to Arizona to join her brother.

Miss Leota Tucker, photographer, left for New York this week to visit her brother. She will be gone for three months.

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Teas - Banquets, Etc.
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PINK INN
The Red Parlour for Cocktails

Armine Von Tempski Does the Hula At Jordan-Alexander Wedding Feast

Reports from the South tell the sad news (to the masculine world), that Mary Helen Alexander is really out of circulation. When the preacher said "Is there reason, outside of the fact that they're both old enough to know better, that these two should not be married?" no one said a word. So both Mary Helen and Jack Jordan are no longer single. They entered that totalitarian state known as marriage on Sunday at the Presbyterian Church in Montecito.

Among those present were Frederic Burt, Major Garinger, Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Douglas, Miss Florence Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Al Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Al Weigand and Charlie Parker.

Matron of honor was Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Douglas gave the bride away. The ceremony began at 5 p. m., and when it was over and the bride and bridegroom were marching back down the aisle, they were crowned with a huge wedding lei constructed and contributed by Mrs. Al Ball (Armine Von Tempski).

After the ceremony, the guests fled to San Ysidro Ranch

for the reception. There, ready and waiting, was a huge table covered with white flowers—the handiwork of Mrs. Douglas. And then, of course, food. The traditional cake was present and cut in the proper two-handed way.

Then, under pressure of the guests, Al Ball brought out his guitar, and burst into song. In practically no time at all, Armine was knee-deep in a swishy hula. Not to be outdone, Al Weigand politely slipped off his shoes, and to the guitar accompaniment proceeded to do the hottest jota this side of Tehuantepec. You'd never guess that most of these people were from Carmel, would you? No, not much!

After the reception, a call was put through to Boston and "hellos" were exchanged with the bride's mother.

On the whole, it must have been quite an interesting affair, because no one seems to know just what became of the bride and groom. They're expected to turn up in Manhattan Beach most any day. Here they will make their home, so that Jack can commute to the Douglas Aircraft plant where he is working.

June Delight's Recital Date Changed To Sunday Afternoon, May 24

Originally scheduled for 8 p. m. Saturday, May 23, the June Delight pupils' dancing recital will instead be held the following day, Sunday, May 24, at 2:30 in the afternoon in Sunset Auditorium.

This year one of the featured performers will be Carol Canoles. Carol, known professionally as Carol Lynn, has grown up and danced in Carmel for the past nine years. Those who know dancing and have seen Carol dance recognize her skill and say that her great love for the dance gives her an unusual polish and sparkle.

She spent most of last summer in San Francisco training with the San Francisco Ballet School and learning the finer points of the Spanish dance from Juanita LaBard, one of the finest teachers of her kind in the West. She also appeared with the Helen Hughes dancers, a group much like the famous Rockettes of New York. After her graduation from Carmel

High School this June she intends to return to San Francisco to continue on with her study of the dance.

For the recital here Carol has helped train some of the precision dancers who are always great favorites with the audiences. There will also be tap, ballet, Spanish and character dances, done as solos and in groups.

Twice as many people read THE CYMBAL.

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Flower Show Has Fine Display

The Carmel P.-T. A. Flower Show, taking the place this year of the food sale heretofore held for the welfare fund, proved a big surprise to those who were fortunate enough to attend it.

Under the direction of Mrs. Horace Dormody the members of the P.-T. A., assisted by school children, staged an unusually remarkable and beautiful show. There were so many displays that pleased and startled us that it is impossible, in all fairness, to detail them. We can only say that we stood

aghast at a bowl of yellow and rose roses, and were unbelievable before the table of miniature floral arrangements done by children.

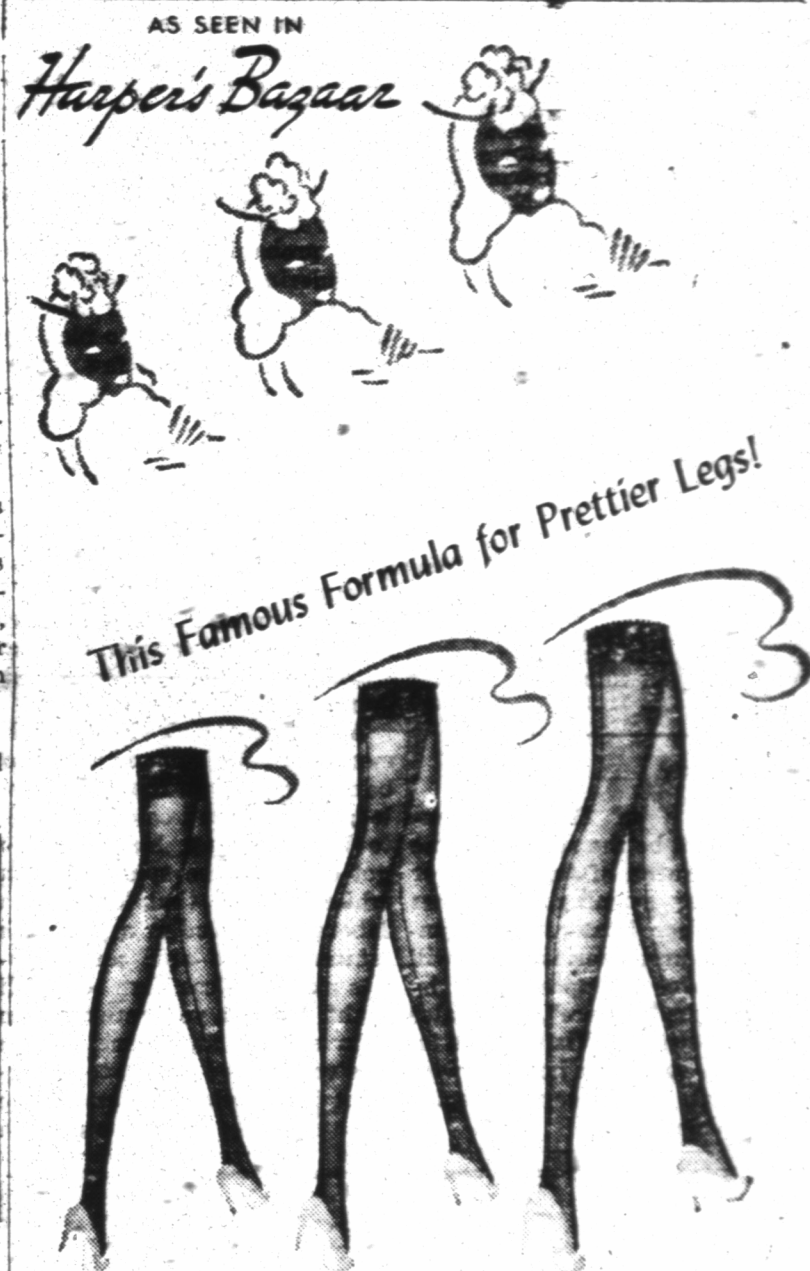
We would suggest to the P.-T. A. that it make the flower show a permanent substitution for the food sale.

Mrs. Frank Gerbode and Mrs. Orrie Escamilla and their children have taken a house here. Mrs. Gerbode is the daughter of the late Wallace Alexander. They will be here for several months.

THE CYMBAL'S Telephone Number is One-One Hundred.

DANCE RECITAL PUPILS OF JUNE DELIGHT

Featuring
- BALLET and SPANISH DANCES
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SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
Admission 50c, plus Tax Children 25c



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The Carmel Cymal
Founded May 11, 1926
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W. K. Bassett, Editor

Entered as 2nd-Class Mat-
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Carmel, California, under
the Act of Congress,
March 3, 1879

WHITMAN WHIMSICALITIES

The laws of supply and demand still have
A five-finger grip on Ocean Ave.

Cling it ever so archly, the store front vine
Is rooted in clock face and dollar sign.

And so, on the faces of such as you've met,
Are most of the pleasantest smiles you get.

MALCOLM WHITMAN

A COLUMN FOR ARMY WIVES

Last week we talked about the study of dramatics as a profitable way to fill in time while waiting for husbands to get back. If theatre doesn't interest you did you ever think about learning to draw?

Now, don't go 'way. Of course getting to be a National Academy artist is the farthest thing from your thoughts. But did you ever think how nice it would be to have another medium besides speech for expressing your thoughts? Did you ever try to explain to a dressmaker just how you wanted the center folds of a skirt to hang? You probably found yourself floundering helplessly in a welter of gestures. How nice it would be to be able to pick up a pencil and with a few quick strokes make your meaning clear.

Did you ever try to tell a three-year-old child about a giraffe? What can you say about it? "Well, it's something like a horse with long, thin legs, a long neck and spots on it." You get to be much more fun for the child if you can draw a giraffe for him right then and there.

And then think how much more fun your home is going to be for you if you have a knowledge of line and color to apply to the decorating. Maybe you've got one of those spic and span white kitchens that look like a laboratory. And maybe its whiteness and spic and span makes it less than cosy. All right. When you return from your sojourn in Carmel maybe you've learned what to do about it. Maybe you can relieve the dazzling whiteness with

some works of your own applied to cupboard doors, window mouldings, chairs and tables.

Besides there's the matter of clothes. Line and color again are the important things to know in dressing well.

We could go on and on with instances of the value of drawing in anyone's life. But you see what we mean.

Here's what to do about it. Her husband gone to sea with the U. S. Merchant Marine, Mrs. Pat Cunningham has concluded her work as instructor for the art department of the University of California, and come back to Carmel to resume her work as director of the Carmel Art Institute and to take over John Cunningham's life drawing class in the Carmel Adult School.

Since graduating from the University of California with an M. A. degree and highest honors in art in 1929, Mrs. Cunningham has taught art in six colleges, travelled and studied for two fellowships, done commercial art work in several cities and participated in the art work of two world's fairs.

The life class meets Monday and Wednesday evenings at Sunset School, and is now registering students for a possible

all-summer class in life-drawing, and perhaps portraiture.

Those who would like to attend such a class are asked to register next week at Sunset School.

The Adult Education classes in Carmel are entirely free and entirely informal. You can start a subject, if you find it isn't what you want to do, drop it and start another. For complete information on subjects available—gardening, photography, book-binding, public speaking, or others, call Mr. Getsinger at Sunset School, or stop in at the Community Information Service in Las Tienas Building, Ocean Avenue, between Dolores and San Carlos.

TYPING CLASS WILL MOVE TO SUNSET SCHOOL

The typing class, conducted by the Carmel Adult School, has moved to Sunset school because of the dim-out. For the rest of this month typists will try to get rid of the hunt and peck habits in the Sunset School library.

And there is a good possibility of the class being continued into the summer months. Principal Getsinger announces that if enough students register, a six-weeks' summer course will be offered in typing and shorthand, with Miss Kathleen Lorentzen as instructor. Registration is open evenings, at Sunset School. There are no fees.

SUNSET SCHOOL MENU

MONDAY — Coca, spinach, baked beans, coconut-peach salad, cup cakes.

TUESDAY—Beef broth, artichokes, tagliarini, vegetable salad, prune whip.

WEDNESDAY—Cream of tomato soup, carrots, mashed potato and gravy, cottage-cheese and pineapple salad, ice cream.

THURSDAY—Vegetable chowder, asparagus, porcupines, Sunset salad, ice cream.

FRIDAY — Tomatoes, corn loaf, macaroni salad, fruit-cup.

Bill Donaldson of Richmond is visiting here—he and a good quarter-dozen Alpha Deltas from the University of California.

Tides

May	LOW	HIGH
15	5:38am -0.5ft 5:11pm 2.0ft	12:26pm 3.9ft 11:23pm 4.8ft
16	6:13am -0.5ft 5:47pm 2.2ft	1:10pm 3.8ft 11:51pm 4.7ft
17	6:50am -0.5ft 6:29pm 2.4ft	1:57pm 3.8ft
18	7:21am 4.6ft 2:43pm 3.7ft	7:27am -0.4ft 7:13pm 2.6ft
19	8:05am 4.4ft 3:31pm 3.7ft	8:10am -0.3ft 8:06pm 2.7ft
20	1:32am 4.2ft 4:24pm 3.8ft	8:56am -0.2ft 9:00pm 2.8ft
21	2:19am 4.0ft 5:12pm 3.9ft	9:45am 0.0ft 10:13pm 2.7ft

Sun

May		
15	6:01am	8:07pm
16	6:00	8:08
17	5:59	8:09
18	5:58	8:10
19	5:58	8:10
20	5:57	8:11
21	5:56	8:12

Moon

May		
15	6:38am	8:43pm
16	7:17	9:36
17	8:00	10:26
18	8:45	11:14
19	9:34	11:58
20	10:26	
21	11:21	0:30am

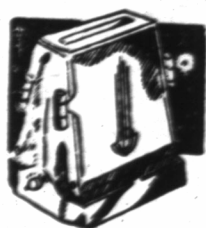
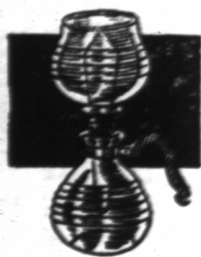
Wayfarer

"Fidelity in the Commonplace" will be the sermon theme at the Church of the Wayfarer on Sunday morning, Dr. James E. Crowther, Pastor. The organist, Margaret Sherman Lea, will play three compositions by Boellmann, "Priore", "Chorale" and "Toccata". Visitors are invited to spend an hour in worship with us. The service begins at 11 o'clock.

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IMELMAN'S SPORTSWEAR SHOP

The Albees Have Alaska Story in Geographic

In this month's issue of National Geographic is a humdinger of an article. It's written by two former Carmel residents, Ruth and Bill Albee, who are quite well known for a stroll they took across Canada a few years ago. There's a book you can get about it.

The Geographic article is entitled "Family Afoot in the Yukon Wilds", and tells the story of a summer hike taken by the four Albees, Mr. and Mrs., Billy, 8, and Jo-Evelyn, 5, through the wilderness of the southeastern Yukon Territory. A pedometer, carried by Billy, showed at the end of the trip that they hiked 310 miles, which isn't exactly down to the corner and back.

And just to make the text doubly, nay triply readable, the authors have seen to it that there is a generous supply of fine photographs, 32 to be exact; 18 black and whites, and 14 color plates. The colored shots are eye-knock-outers.

The Albees stopped by at Carmel not so very long ago. They were on their way to the City to give a few lectures, and only hesitated long enough to see a few friends.

RHYS SMITH GETS HIGHEST GRADES IN RADIO SCHOOL

Rhys Smith, son of Plant-Smith and Mrs. Plant-Smith, has brought home the joyous news that he crept out from under the burdens of his final examinations with the highest grades in radio school.

As it was at the end of his training at the Eureka school, he was permitted a five-day leave and, of course, he lit out for home, arriving in time to help celebrate Mother's Day.

Right now Rhys is a seaman second class, but pretty soon he will be something big in radio, and we don't mean the pole that holds the aerial.

On Monday the Smiths had a telephone call from their other son, Fred, who is also in the Navy. All the family, including Rhys and Betty, got to say "hello".

CARMEL DISTRICT GAINS TWO NEW U. S. CITIZENS

The United States gained 73 brand new citizens over Thursday and Friday of last week from Monterey county alone. Carmel and its outskirts contributed two apprentice John Does, Edmond L. Capon, from France, and John A. Straker from Great Britain, now living at Robles del Rio. Straker received special praise from Judge H. G. Jorgensen for his fine attitude toward the goal for which he was striving.

VALLEY MOTOR CORPS BUS SCHEDULE CHANGES AGAIN

The Motor Corps bus which carries workers to and from the Red Cross center in the Carmel Valley will operate as follows until further notice:

Leave Carmel Garage: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 2:30 p. m.; Friday at 4:30 p. m.

Leaves Valley: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 2:30 p. m.; Friday at 4:30 p. m.

Among the hundreds of wandering sons who have returned to Carmel is Billy Wheeler.

SACCHARINE SILHOUETTES

Silvey Treads Among The Ghouls

He was born in the year that Joan Bennett was. It was the same annum that the French submarine Pluviose was sunk. This should mean something. It does. Both he and Joan Bennett are brunettes—now. What he has to do with a submarine we can't even imagine. We don't even know if he can dive. M a y b e, confidentially,—he sinks.

Well, anyway, way out in the wilds of Watsonville Father Charles M. Silvey was wandering dazedly around under the apple trees with a fistful of stoppies. He had just become a father and he didn't care who knew it.

The brand new little oxygen container was a s immediately named Carl. Then, just because Father Silvey believed that every man should have a secret in his life that should be kept even from his wife, Baby Carl was given the second name of—Jerome. You can see how such a thing would tend to keep a man sufficiently humble for the rest of his life.

Kippered Hearings

Finally, due to a certain similarity between Little Silvey and a character in the comic strips (no, no, not Donald Duck) he was nick-named as we know him today, "Kip". Kip was a typical farmer boy. Three times, when very young, he was caught in the wheat field when the government man went by, and three times before he could get out of the way, he was plowed under. He was wise, too, this Mickey—that is Huckleberry—Finn of the Apple City. He, with all the sagacity of the rural youth, realized that both mares and girls don't necessarily mean "no" when they say "neigh".

The happiness of youth was somewhat modified or, better yet, corroded by the insidious acid of education of which Young Kip had both a primary and a secondary helping. Not that he minded going to school, because he didn't. He didn't mind the going or the coming home; it was the period of staying in between that he objected to.

Silvey, White Collar Boy

But at last school came to an end, and he deserted the bards and the muses for the lards and the boozes; that is, he went to work in a grocery store. He was a clerk. You know what a clerk is. He's the fellow who piles the grapefruit into a beautiful pyramid, putting, of course, all the good fruit directly in the center.

In 1927, he came to Carmel as manager of Espindola's grocery business that was where Kip's store is today. Two years later he returned to Watsonville for a small glass of cider and before he got away he was made manager of Espindola's store there and retained that position until the corporation, probably tired of people running around saying: "Habla usted Espindola", sold the business out. And so, in 1937, much to the delight of everyone, Kip returned to the city of "Don't Give Up, Junior, You're Only 16; You Might See the Sun Any Day Now"—yes, Carmel. Here he opened his original "Kip's Food Center"

where today he crouches benevolently amongst the shredded wheat.

Into the Heartless City

In 1939 he traveled to New York, pulling his hat well down over his ears so the fresh green grass wouldn't show. It's rumored that for six nights he waited for the Stork Club to open only to find on the seventh that he had taken the wrong street, and had waited for the bouncers to throw wide the doors of Grant's tomb. Having enough of the big city for the year he returned to Carmel, by way of the Panama Canal. He was relieved to find everything in the Canal Zone under lock and key. In 1940 a determined spirit and the World's Fair took him back to New York. He, as did everyone else, cringed past the Trylon, shuddered past the Perisphere and, being from Carmel, didn't really feel at home till he reached the sideshow and got among the freaks. The thing that impressed him most about the fair was the amount of electricity that was used. Compared with the electric bill the Fair board received Tennyson knew nothing about the charge of the light brigade.

Kip the Glamor Boy

Everyone knows Kip. He's the one in the store who goes so fast you can't see him. He's sort of pretty—like Hedy Lamarr—with muscles. None of this stuff of treating the boys to a sniffer in the back room for Kip. If he has someone he really likes, he takes him down in the basement and lets him feel the sugar bags. So far he hasn't been mayor or president, but we must remember that he's been awfully busy. He has four butchers (believe us, they can dish out more tripe at that place), nine grocerymen and one grocerywoman (ha! and Kip thinks he's the boss). He smiles

a lot. Maybe he enjoys life or perhaps he's thinking of next week's funny papers. He's a card. No, we don't mean the joker.

—DAWN OVERHULSE

CARMEL BOY ADMITS HE STOLE AUTOMOBILE TIRE

A Carmel boy, name withheld by the police because of his age, is being held by juvenile authorities on charges of tire-stealing. He was brought to the police by his mother who grew suspicious when the boy came in late with the story that he had found the tire. He first told the police he had found it in the road, but later said it was leaning against the bumper of a car and was unattached.

All Saints

Next Sunday at 8 a. m., the Service of the Holy Communion. At 9:30 a. m. Junior Church and School. At 11 a. m., the Service of Morning Prayer with sermon message by the rector, Rev. C. J. Hulsewe. Also Admission Service of Choristers at this time. Offertory Anthem: "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring", Bach. The full Vested Choir will participate in this service Thursday, May 21, 2 p. m., meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary. Red Cross sewing.

Mrs. Vera Vernon, former owner of Eustace Linen Shop, will not leave Carmel, but will be with Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie in the latter's yarn shop in El Paseo building this summer.

Wayfarer Elects Year's Officers

At the annual meeting of the Church of the Wayfarer last Monday evening Dr. Blanchard P. Steeves was elected president of the Church League; Victor D. Graham, vice-president; Mrs. Floyd Harber, secretary; Mrs. Everett Smith, treasurer, and Dr. James E. Crowther, superintendent of the Church School. The following chairmen were also elected: board of trustees: Victor D. Graham; finance, Alfred Matthews; religious education, Howard E. Timbers; women's service, Miss L. Lucile Turner; garden and altar, Mrs. Alice Beardsley; nominations, Mrs. William H. Hamilton. The new president of the Women's Auxiliary is Mrs. Grace C. Howden.

Mrs. Paul Budd has rented a cottage in town, and she and her small son, Carlos, are eagerly awaiting the arrival of Mr. Budd who has just arrived on the coast by convoy from Hawaii.

Mrs. Frank Cockritz is visiting Janet Haskins Farr of San Francisco who is staying in the Carmel home of Mrs. Samuel Haskins.

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The FIRST GALLEY

Two weeks ago, when I wrote about Hope Garner, I said I would give you in the next issue her account of how it felt when her ship, en route from England, sighted a submarine off the coast of Africa. My conscience bothers me because I didn't do as I promised, but I did want to write about my visit at the High School before it slid too far into the past.

Here now is Hope's account. The papers are full of much more exciting, dramatic stories, stories of actual tragedies when a great deal more happened than just a few moments of suspense at sea such as this. But this was real, too, even if its chief interest lies in Hope's deliberate observation of her own reactions in the face of imminently threatening danger. She knew those moments might be her last on earth . . .

Sighting a Submarine Off The African Coast

We were all at dinner. The conversation was full of the sort of rumors that fly about when a ship is nearing the end of a voyage in war time. But everyone at our table was being very calm and very British, and I was busy proving that Americans can do their bit also.

There was an odd, indescribable tension, as though we were all waiting for something. We listened, as though spellbound, to the woman who regaled us with stories about her three boys. She'd been doing it on the whole voyage and usually I had tried to appear to listen while thinking my own thoughts. Now I suddenly realized that I was actually concentrating on what she was saying. Why was I doing this which was foreign to my nature? I hadn't long to wait to find the reason.

The Admiral was at the next table to ours. We saw him hure up the stairs two at a time. The passengers immediately realized something was up.

First Alarm

A long blast from the ship's whistle! That was the signal for our knees to turn to jelly, which they promptly did. I fought down the impulse to leap from my seat. "No, don't move, you fool. Sit tight. Keep calm. You simply can't leave the table until you are ordered to. Don't run with the rest of the sheep. Watch yourself objectively and find out how you act in an emergency. Besides, remember you'll want California to read about this, so keep your wits about you and remember the order of things."

Everyone jumped when the whistle blew. Then, after an involuntary sigh and glance about, each took up the business of trying to eat. Then a few decided they simply must get their life-belts and started for them, but returned to the table when the steward at the door motioned them back.

Go to Your Stations

Then came another blast from the whistle which sent our intelligence into complete collapse. This time those who had started were allowed to continue their flight. Finally, after endless years of waiting, another blast! The Purser an-

nounced we must get our life-belts and go to our stations.

We all leaped joyfully into action—anything was better than sitting around exercising heroic self-control.

That trot from the dining saloon was most dignified outwardly, but I'm sure mine wasn't the only heart that was pumping madly. How the adrenals work overtime at such a moment and what a blessing that arrangement was made so that we may appear to have more intelligence and calm than we actually possess!

Everyone walked quickly but there was no least sign of panic. When I was two doors from my cabin there was no one ahead of me so I broke into a run for those last few feet. It was cheering to hear a voice behind me say, "Yes, I think it's about time someone ran."

Grab Everything

The life-belt . . . the packed bag . . . the coat . . . where were they all? Here, there, everywhere . . . Move fast . . . see with your eyes . . . hear with your ears . . . Grab . . . grab . . . GRAB! Now the coat—damn, where are those scarves? Pile them all on! Get your cardigan. Take anything you can, but don't take something that will make you feel foolish when you get on deck. Oh well, what's the difference? After all, it may get a laugh and relieve the tension. Hat . . . shall I? Yes, why not, it's a good one. Crush it on any old way and move fast up those stairs.

Tie on the Life-Belts

I'm up. How did I get here? Never mind, I DID get up. What are other people doing? What are they thinking? Watch their reactions. Hmm . . . they seem quite calm. Do I seem calm? Well, after all, no one is really calm, but we're all at least outwardly sane.

Is my life-belt properly tied? Here, look at yours. You know they said we must tie only the front tapes. Let me tie yours tightly and then you tie mine. Yes, thank you very much, that's fine.

The rain is coming down rapidly now. That's a good thing. Why do you think it isn't? No, I don't agree. If it rains it's a protection because the submarine can't aim properly. Can't you understand that? It seems extremely simple to me and I should think you'd see that, you fool! But then, of course, I never did think much of your intelligence. That's a good laugh. I wonder what she's thinking of me at this very moment.

Look at the planes! Oh yes, there they are! I wish there were more of them. Where are the destroyers? Way off there

on the horizon. I suppose that is where they should be. Yes, I can see them quite plainly, thank you. Take your elbow out of my eye, you mug, and really let me have a clear view. Never mind, it's immaterial. I don't want to see. If they are any use, it makes no difference whether I see them or not.

How queer I feel. Just the nervous excitement and, after all, it IS a grand experience. No one is sitting here so I think I'll just rest the feet a moment. Thank heaven I'm wearing my best shoes—I'd rather see a few of them than any other pair . . .

Hope doesn't tell how she felt when they realized the danger was past. I guess that's something we don't have to be told!

—D. C. B.

'Sullivan's Travels' At the Carmel

Carmel Theater's week-end program, starting tonight, leads off with "Sullivan's Travels", co-starring Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake, and guaranteed for a full measure of pre-war laughs. On the same bill is a fast and timely thriller, "Secret Agent of Japan", with Lynn Bari and Preston Foster sharing leading honors.

The three-day first-of-the-week feature, starting with Sunday's continuous program beginning at 2 o'clock, will be "H. M. Pulham, Esq.", filmed from the J. P. Marquand best-seller. Top-billing in a notable cast is given to Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr and Ruth Hussey, but local fans will not overlook Van Heflin, whose splendid characterization of a philosophic boozier in this week's "Johnny Eager" was something for the book. The midweek pictures, Wednesday and Thursday, will be the much-discussed "Two-Faced Woman" starring Greta Garbo, with Melvyn Douglas, Roland Young and Ruth Gordon in support, and "Down in San Diego", a delightful comedy-mystery featuring some of the best of the teen age players, headed by Bonita Granville.

Two-Piano Team Here June 13

The recital of Guy and Lois Maier, two-piano team, which was postponed after its April announcement, has now been definitely set for Saturday evening, June 13 in Sunset auditorium.

Those who enjoy the two-piano art will be delighted with these masters of its rhythmic intricacies. Guy Maier, of the original team of Maier and Pattison, has never been surpassed in his duo-piano field, and his marriage to a favorite pupil has resulted in the brilliant duo of Guy and Lois Maier.

The Maiers are being brought to the peninsula by the Denny-Watrous Management. Tickets will go on sale May 25.

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NON-FICTION — "Tropic Landfall", by Clifford Gessler. A popular history of the Hawaiian Islands, particularly of the port of Honolulu, written just before the Japanese attack of December 7.

"Prime of Life", by Gove Hambidge. One day in the author's life from the chorus of birds that awaken him, through his duties in the Department of Agriculture in Washington, to his writing at midnight of his philosophic comments on such a day—a steady hand today.

"The Army of Tennessee", by Stanley F. Horn. Almost the first account of this mostly forgotten Confederate army which fought over more territory than any other organized troops, but which was doomed to failure through its inept commanders.

"Action at Sea", by George M. Johnston. Biography of a fighting ship in seven months of naval war in the Mediterranean, 1940-41, written from the stories of the men of the Sydney.

"A Lot of Insects", by Frank E. Lutz. A study of the kinds of insects found in the author's own backyard, and a statement of his philosophy toward his insect neighbors as well as toward life in general.

"Respectfully yours, Annie". Letters from a London cook to her mistress "to let you know how things are going and to keep you in touch with Home."

"A Subtreasury of American Humor", compiled by E. B. White.

"The Politics of Democracy", by Pendleton Herring.

"Freedom's Battle", by Julio Alvarez del Vayo.

FICTION: — "People of My Own", by Edith Pargeter; "Hangover Square", by Patrick Hamilton; "The Hill Is Mine",

by Maurice Walsh; "The Children", by Nina Fedorova; "Westward the Sun" by Bridgid Knight; "The Long Alert", by Philip Gibbs; "The Young Widow", by Clarissa Cushman; "I Give Thee Back", by Kenneth Horan; "The New Day", by Jules Romains.

Juniors Ahead In Softball

After two weeks of play in the Intramural Softball tournament the Junior class has achieved a definite lead over the rest of the classes. These games are run off during the noon hour and enjoy a fine following of rooters.

The Junior class has shown a well-balanced aggregation and has run roughshod over the Seniors and Sophomores. The Sophomore class has improved immensely in the last week and must now be considered co-favorites with the Juniors. The Senior class has found it necessary to recruit Eleanor "Tiny" Johnston in order to bolster its hitting strength.

League Standings

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Juniors	2	0	1.000
Sophomores	2	1	.666
Eighth Grade	1	1	.500
Freshmen	1	1	.500
Seniors	0	3	.000

Pearson Menhor is home for what might be termed a short vacation. He just finished a year at the University of California, and doesn't know definitely just what he's going to do next.

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Male Chorus Wins Carmel Plaudits

Almost a full house greeted the Monterey Peninsula Male Chorus in its presentation of its second annual spring concert in Sunset Auditorium last Sunday afternoon and this tribute was well deserved.

It was a fine program, a program which satisfied everybody except the members of the chorus and their leader, Jaffrey Harris. Since the event they have expressed their disappointment at their entertainment; they think they should have done better than they did.

We haven't found any members of the audience who think so. It was a most pleasing program and admirably presented. From the beautiful rendition of Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desire" to the Soldier's Chorus from "Faust", it was a delightful afternoon. And a combination of the chorus and John Hyatt Brewer's arrangement of "The Lost Chord" was superb.

As for the youthful violinist, Dolores Miller, we are told, and we can well believe, that a great artist is developing there. Our appreciation of music doesn't reach to the heights to which Miss Miller soared, but we are convinced that she is a remarkable violinist.

The Peninsula Male Chorus is surely one of the finest organizations in the realm of art anywhere around these parts.

Bluejackets Tea Is Big Affair

A very successful bridge tea was given by the American Bundles for Bluejackets at the Pine Inn on Tuesday, May 12. Tables for bridge were placed in the lobby, and the entertainment and tea were held in the patio gardens. Grayce Evelyn McKay gave some very amusing character monologues. Miss Billy Torres and Miss Wanda Warren danced beautifully.

The highest bridge score won a beautiful woolen American flag. Harrison Godwin donated the hotel and gardens for the occasion. Among those who contributed money, cakes, tea, bread, were the mesdames: sugar, cream, sandwich, jelly, Hancock, Halvarg, Walker, deGaleir, Pulliam, Wolff, Reynolds, Burghers, Ten Winkel, DeYoe, Ball, Monk, Howden, Mead, Grigg, and Murphy; Misses: Miki Burghers, Charlotte Wales, Jean Lamke, and Walton.

A three-dollar book, "The Bluejacket", was donated by the Village Book Shop. Coffee and tea were poured by Mrs. Martin Peterson, Mrs. DeWitt Blamer, Mrs. W. E. Pulliam, and Mrs. Frank Ten Winkel.

Hostesses were Mrs. J. W. Murphy, Jr., Mrs. W. E. Pulliam, Mrs. M. V. B. McAdam, Mrs. Fraser Hancock, Mrs. Frank Ten Winkel, Mrs. H. M. Rayne, and Mrs. Irene deGaller.

The Bundles for Bluejackets is very grateful to all who came and donated to help them help the American sailors and marines.

Mrs. Harry Morse has taken a house in Carmel, and as her guests she has her two daughters, Mrs. Tom Schulte and Mrs. William Sharon and their children. Also visiting Mrs. Morse are her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Morse and their two children.

CARMEL HI WAYS

Junior-Senior Prom

As each school year comes to an end the Juniors are confronted with the task of giving the Seniors a dance. The Junior class, under the leadership of its class counsellor, Mr. Lloyd Miller, is now making arrangements for this year's prom.

On the evening of May 16 the Junior-Senior Prom will take place in the new cafeteria building. Yvonne Welsh is in general charge with fellow class members working with her. Ruth Burrows and La Verne De Amaral deserve a lot of credit and Cornelia Schuman made the invitations. The dance starts at 8:30 and will end with the stroke of midnight.

The entertainment is all arranged. The "Sullivan Sisters", Pat, Marge and Nan, will do the vocalizing; Carol Canoles will dance, and Neill Baggett's Pythm Ace's will provide the music. Bill Dougherty will act as master of ceremonies.

A good time is in store for all and the Junior class is looking forward to being treated the next year of 1943.

The Senior Luncheon

If you were by any chance in the vicinity of the Carmel High School on Friday, May 8, you would have seen something to surprise you greatly. Girls running around in fancy dresses and high heels. Boys in sport suits and ties. Mr. Craig all dressed up in a neat black suit.

Do I hear you saying: "Surely this cannot be the Carmel High School that I am speaking of. At Carmel the students run around in jeans, droopy shirt-tails and sloppy sweaters." But this is definitely Carmel that I am telling you about.

I feel that I must explain the cause for these festive clothes. This is the day for the Senior luncheon. We have long been looking forward to this time, and at last the time has arrived.

Now I shall tell you what happened. We all met in Pine Inn lobby. We sat around and talked until the whole class had arrived; then we went in to lunch.

Mr. Bassett was our guest and he and Mr. Craig and the class officers sat at the head of the table.

The luncheon was delicious. I will not go into the detail of what we had, but get onto the most important part of the luncheon—Mr. Bassett's speech.

This was a fine and truly inspiring speech. It brought a message to each and everyone of us, no matter what our futures may be. It is rather hard to know by what to set your course in these difficult times, but with his inspiring words he showed a way for us all.

—Carol Canoles

Senior Events

Every year by the second week of January the Carmel High School students wish for the speedy end of school. The coming vacation is not the only highlight of the last weeks of school. We all like those Senior Goodbye Days at high school.

This year the first Senior event was their luncheon. The guests were Mr. Bassett and Mr. Craig.

Last Wednesday the Senior teachers took their places before the classes.

Friday will be Senior Dress-Up Day. Carmel High School, rather than have the school dress-up for everyone, as most schools do, restricts it to the Seniors. On the same day the Seniors will also present their Variety Show during the Senior Assembly. We all remember the hill-billy Connie Potter last year. We want to see something that good this year.

The final event of this week is the Junior-Senior Prom. Neal Baggett's Orchestra will play at this event, to be held in the new cafeteria on Saturday night, May 17, at 8:30.

The last Senior red letter days are 1) May 20, when the Seniors hold a town council meeting; 2) Saturday, May 23, when they slave on their English A.; 3) Friday, May 29, the Senior Skip and Picnic day; 4) Sunday, May 31, at 11 a. m., and last but not Graduation, June 4.

Andre Moreau at Sketch Box

The next show scheduled to fill Ellen Habenicht's Sketchbox in the Seven Arts building, is to be supplied by Andre Moreau, young Monterey artist. Moreau, as American as his name is French, has lived and painted on the Peninsula for the past four years. He is a graduate of the Art Student's League of New York City, and has traveled and studied for 1 months in Europe. His work represents modern painting of abstract and semi-abstract motives. He will have both oils and watercolors.

The Sketchbox will continue on its original plan which works out so that no group of paintings will show longer than two weeks. These exhibitions are attracting much attention, as the large attendance at the Beach display proved.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

In all Christian Science churches, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, a Lesson-Sermon will be read Sunday, May 17, on the subject "Mortals and Immortals". The Golden Text will be: "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit". (Romans 8:5).

Ray Brown has returned to the Peninsula and is up to his neck in that most horrible of all human punishments—work. He has been in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. F. Chapman is leaving Carmel for San Francisco. The length of her stay is indefinite.

"Deserted at the Altar" Quits This Week-End

The extraordinarily successful "Deserted at the Altar", which the Troupers of the Gold Coast have been playing at the First Theater, Monterey, since March 19, will have its two final performances this Saturday and Sunday nights, May 16 and 17.

When the final curtain rings down on the hero's lines, "And may Heaven's light never dim upon the undeserted altar of our love", 17 performances will have been given.

"Deserted"'s olio, rated the best to date of the talented troupers, will "fold" along with its melodrama, with the exception of two or three acts, which First Theater fans are demanding be carried over into the new show which will open May 28.

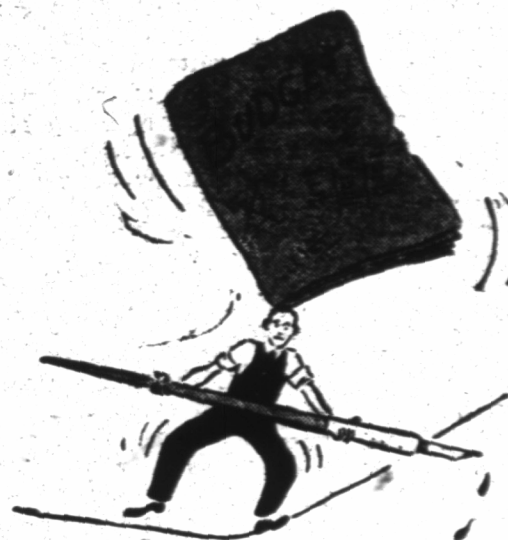
June Petty has left Carmel for the University of California to take advantage of the summer scholarship she won at Carmel High School.

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Carmel 167

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

It was Saturday night. Jim and Bill had had a couple on their way over from East Garrison, by the devious means of locomotion known to their kind.

The Boris Godunoff Decor of Carmel's Russian Inn looked wonderfully exotic to them as they sidled into a booth without undue catastrophe. Like magic, three little glasses of appetizer spreads appeared before them, and a plate of the best hot, brown peasant bread to be found in the world. A slice or two and they sobered up enough to look around.

"Hi, Bill! Sound the fire alarm!" Jim advised, his lean face lighting up as he watched a casserole of Boeuf Stroganoff carried flaming to a customer in the corner.

The flames died down and a party at a long table in the middle of the room caught his attention.

"Now whaddaya make o' that?" Jim pondered. "Two men, and all the rest females?"

Bill, the short one, craned his neck to get a good view.

"Corset Salesladies' Convention's my guess," he said.

"Bettcha ya dassent go up and find out!" Jim challenged.

"Whaddalyabet?" Bill asked on a comforting mouthful of bread.

"Bettcha ya dinner!" Jim said.

"Say, boy! Here's where you're out one square meal!" Bill affirmed rising, and giving his tunic a jerk.

"Go right up to that toughest one on the end," Jim commanded. "She weighs a cool 250 if she weighs an ounce. No fair picking on the little half-pint next her."

"Hahem!" The round, red-faced private cleared his throat and the Outsize Damsel looked up from her sweet Russian pancake.

"I don't want to get fresh or anything, but didn't you once teach me in school?" It was the only opening he could think of with a dame like this.

She laughed. "I have taught school, but I never taught anyone so charming as you," she replied. "Where was it?"

"Middle West," he said, his face as red as the sauce he'd been eating. "I had a teacher in school just like you. Very powerful, domineering woman, she was. She had a great influence on my life at that time. I just thought you might be the same."

Again disclaiming the pleasure, the Outsize Damsel left her country's defender out on a limb conversationally. There was nothing for him to do but return to his jeering companion, still ignorant of the common bond that united the motley group at the center table.

The 11 ladies and two men rose. There followed the usual scramble for dropped furs, misplaced handbags and the general looking around to see who goes home with which. The Outsize Damsel seized the opportunity to step over to the soldiers' booth and return Bill's call.

"It's a real treat to find a place like this for a gala meal, isn't it?" she said, remembering the discovery of an A-1 restaurant used to do for her own morale when she was cooped

up in some blacked-out little hole in provincial France during the last war.

"You bet it is!" Bill agreed, brightening. "Jim and I, we've decided to find the best food there is, and eat there, every time we get a pass—until we go over."

There was some more conversation as to where "over" might be, and what it would be like when they got there. Finally, Bill screwed up his courage to pop the question:

"Say, what was that?" nodding to the abandoned center table, "A convention, or a lodge meeting, or what?"

"No, it's just the French people of Carmel. They get together every few weeks to enjoy a good meal and do what they can to fan the flame of French culture."

"French culture?" said the incredulous Bill. "Say, I always thought that was just something they talked about in books. I never knew it meant anything in real life."

The 'powerful, domineering woman' turned on him. "It means just this," she said firmly, "doing whatever you've got to do with an excellence that is absolute, whether it's making a lamb stew with green peas, or a pink silk chemise."

"Say! I guess you got something there!" Bill agreed, giving Jim a triumphant kick under the table.

Jim, who had been listening intently, suddenly leaned forward.

"I took French," he volunteered. "School and college. Seven years."

"Fine!" exclaimed the Outsize Damsel. "So you can parlez-vous?"

"Not really," he disclaimed. "But I remember some. Anatole France describing how his grandmother put him to bed..."

and he launched into a paragraph of French prose with a rich accent that completely cloaked its meaning.

However, this was the flame of French culture being fanned; it merited the attention of Le Foyer Francaise du Peninsula. The Outsize Damsel waved to her playmates. "Venez, Mesdames! Ici on parle francais aussi!"

The young Anatole was in bed by the time the audience had assembled. Jim was beaming.

"Go on! Recite something else!" the large lady urged.

"La Cigale et le Fourmi!" he announced, and forth he poured the story as La Fontaine told it. It rang a bell in the memories of his listeners, and the last lines were spoken in chorus.

"Bravo!" said the French ladies.

The little half-pint tugged at the cape of the Outsize Damsel.

"My dear! We can't take you out again if you get picked up by the Armed Forces this way," she whispered "At your age! You should know better!"

"Yes, but think!" her friend rebutted, as she was led reluctant away. "What a perfect little slice-of-life drama that was in this year 1942. There's democracy for you—two common soldiers entertaining the town's elite reciting French lit-

erature in one of the best restaurants I know. It's beautiful!"

"Oh! You always find such grandiose interpretations!" scoffed the Half Pint. "It's nothing of the sort—it's just Carmel!"

—C. K.

Giants Now Lead In Abalones

With the help of the Shamrocks, who defeated the Pilots, the Giants moved into a clear lead in the Abalone Baseball League. Although there are two more games to be played, the Giants seem to have a slight advantage with their one-game lead. Last Sunday's games were exciting and well played.

In the first game the Shamrocks downed the favored Pilots to the tune of 13 to 11. Led by their slugging pitcher, Ivan Kasey, the Shamrocks took an early lead and were never headed.

The game between the Giants and Tigers produced some of the best baseball of the season. Both teams were beating down with all they had and the suspense was terrific. Going into the last inning the Tigers enjoyed a two-run lead and it looked as though they were sure winners. The Giants had other ideas, however, and scored four runs to emerge the happy victors.

Next Sunday, May 17, the Tigers meet the Giants at 1:45, and the Pilots play the Shamrocks at 3:00. Admission to the games is free. All games are played on the high school diamond.

Following the final games on May 24 there will be a celebration by team members, their guests, umpires and everybody connected with the league. This blowout is going to be held at the Pine Inn at 7:30, May 24. All the players in the Abalone League are asked to notify their team captains as to the number of guests they intend to invite.

Camera Club Has A Talk-Fest

The Carmel Camera Club, that group that gets together ever so often casually to mutter things about f 3.8's, diaphragm openings, apertures, focal lengths, photogenics, etc., met Tuesday night at the Carmel Art Gallery.

They congregated to review their recent field trip to Pt. Lobos upon which occasion they used Mrs. Leland Cagwin (Jackie Smith) as their model. Flirting shutters at the beautiful scenery with Mrs. Cagwin.

to match were President Peter Burk, Charles Rayne, Alvin Bel-ler, George Seideneck, Myron Oliver and Robert Emmett O'Brien.

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SE corner Guadalupe & 2nd

SE corner Dolores & 2nd

W side Torres near 3rd

NW corner Monte Verde & 4th

NW corner Dolores & 5th

SE corner Guadalupe & 6th

NE corner Ocean & Junipero

SW corner Santa Fe & Mountain View

S corner Vizcaino & Mountain View

SE corner Mission & 8th

SW corner Dolores & 9th

SW corner Casanova & 9th

NW corner Lincoln & 11th

SE corner Mission & 11th

SW corner Camino Real & 11th

NW corner Lincoln & 13th

SE corner Camino at 13th

Head of Santa Lucia on Bidgeeood.

SE corner Monte Verde & 14th

E side Martin Way near San Antonio

W side Valley View near 16th

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Official Civilian Defense News

Block Wardens Needed for Precinct One Says T. N. Hooper, Senior Warden

"I wish people would realize that nothing we are doing in Civilian Defense work is wasted, whatever happens, or doesn't happen," said Mr. Hooper. "We always have a fire danger in Carmel and under the impetus of Civilian Defense work we are better equipped than ever to prevent destruction. Certainly no one can say that a knowledge of First Aid is ever a bad thing or a useless thing for any individual. And the training we are all getting in working together ought to last far beyond the duration."

"We need more block wardens in precinct one, and realizing the lack of men in Carmel these days, I'm inclined to think that we will need to recruit women for this work. I hope that residents of Precinct No. 1 will check the following list of wardens, note the blocks that are vacant, and help us to get these blocks covered by people trained

to handle emergencies.

"Anyone who has extra time to give to this work, or wishes to suggest names of other individuals who would make good block wardens, can call me at 1300 during the day or 490 in the evening."

"I've found as everyone else has who is doing any of this CD work, that it does cut into one's leisure. You can't do any war work and continue your regular day-to-day routine. But when you consider that the men in the service are working 24 hours a day, seven days a week, it doesn't seem much hardship to give up a few week-end trips, let your stamp collection slide for a while, or give up reading a few books."

"We need block wardens. We can't build a tight, safe organization in Precinct One until every block is covered. Call me if you want to volunteer or suggest names."

CD ORGANIZATION OF PRECINCT NO. 1

Name & Duty	Box No.	Tel. No.	Address
Hooper, T., Sr. ARW	473	117	West side Camino Real, so of 13th
Hodgson, Don, SW	1375	748	NE cor. Camino Real & 13th
Sparks, Al, SW	1525	37	West side Camino Real bet. 10th & 11th
Heyn, H. A., Bl. 114	1652	468-R	SE cor. Monte Verde & 10th
Shepherd, E. D., Bl. 115	803	1071-J	West side Lincoln, bet. 10th & 11th
Melrose, Mildred, Bl. 116	177	1285-J	SE cor. Dolores & 10th
Sourisseau, Thos., bl. 131	2201	1823	East side Dolores, 2nd house north of 12th
Bl. 132, E 1/2 133, Bl. 134			
Wurzmann, F., bl. 135	1856	977-R	West side Lincoln between 12th & 13th
DeAmaral, M., bl. 136	2574	1790	SW cor. Dolores & 12th
Wheldon, A. W., bl. 137	834	135	NW cor. San Carlos & 13th
Ackroyd, S., bl. 143	1533	1102-J	NW cor. San Carlos & Santa Lucia
Bl. 144			
McDonald, R., bl. 145-46	1752	1171	West side Monte Verde, 3rd house so. of 13th
Aucourt, H., bl. AA	A	748	West side Casanova, 3rd house off 12th
Silvey, Kip, bl. A3, A4			
Bl. A5, W 1/2 Y			
Smith, K. I., bl. A6, Z	1474	73-M	East side Scenic, No. of Santa Lucia
Giglio, V., Bl. BB-DD	Gen. Del.	1510	East side Carmelo & 3rd, no. of Santa Lucia
Ricketson, G., bl. E	1272	109	West side Monte Verde, 4th house so. of 10th
Hinds, J., bl. F, W 1/2 133	Gen. Del.		West side Monte Verde, 2nd house no. of 12th
Bl. CC, E 1/2 Y			
Johnson, B., bl. K	1883	470-W	SE cor. Camino Real & 10th
Bl. L, E 1/2 R			
Bl. Q			
Rice, J., bl. W	1115	614	West side Carmelo, 4th house so. of 10th
Bl. X, W 1/2 R			

How to Handle Salvage Paper

We can't handle paper piled into cartons. We can't handle paper insecurely tied. It will not stack on the trucks and makes enough trouble to seriously decrease its value as salvage. Carmel is cooperating wonderfully in saving paper. Please do just a little more and prepare it for handling. Just a few simple rules will help:

1. Tie newspapers in bundles 7 inches thick, folded as they come from the newstands. ated.

2. Tie magazines in bundles 7 inches thick with sizes graduated.

3. Use heavy cord if possible. If not, use five thicknesses of string

It doesn't do any good to save paper if we can't handle it.

Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard left Monday for San Francisco to spend several days with her daughter, Shirley.

DePackh Is Now War-Carving

Gustav de Packh, Carmel's former "carver of wooden novelties" who, much to the regret of his many local friends and customers, moved with Mrs. de Packh to re-establish his business in Tucson some time ago, has given up carving for national defense.

He is now in the engineering department at the Davis-Monthan air base as a craftsman, and, according to Mrs. de Packh, "is very happy to do his share for the country."

They have closed their shop as so many of their needed materials found their way onto the government's priorities list.

And oh, yes, they write that the hot weather has arrived there, and they say they would certainly enjoy a "nice" foggy day, such as those so prevalent in Carmel. Gosh, are they kidding?

KEEP THE HONOR ROLL NAMES COMING IN

The splendid Ritschel painting is now in the window on the Dolores Street side of Fortier's. We are busy collecting names for all possible sources for the list of Carmel people now in the armed services. Be sure to phone 1924-W, the CD office, and give us the names of anyone in your family now in service.

HOW ABOUT REGISTERING FOR BLOOD TYPING?

Mrs. Margaret Osgood has been appointed chairman in charge of blood typing arrangements for Carmel's CD. She has a desk in the CD office on Sixth between Dolores and San Carlos. If you have not yet registered for blood typing find time to do it soon. Remember, blood typing is a protection for you. When your blood type is on file precious time can be saved in an emergency.

Mayor To Talk on CD Work May 22

Here's your chance to heckle the mayor on progress of CD in Carmel. On May 22 in Sunset Auditorium the mayor will address an open meeting, giving complete details of work accomplished to date with a realistic view of what the Carmel CD organization can accomplish in case of an emergency. Any and all questions will be answered.

After the meeting a "live" demonstration on how to handle incendiary bombs will be given.

Carmel Ahead in Volunteer Work

A recent Fortune magazine survey disclosed the fact that only 18.3 per cent of the people of the country are engaged in volunteer war work.

In Carmel that figure be-

Control Center Has Work-Out

The Civilian Defense Control Center had a real work-out last week when, as in Army maneuvers, a series of "problems" were proposed and handled. A referee pointed out a few errors and the causes of the errors are now being traced down and corrected. This method of testing will continue until the Control Center can function smoothly and accurately under all circumstances.

CD still needs recruits for control center telephone girls. If you can qualify be sure to call 1924-W, Civilian Defense Headquarters.

comes 48 per cent. A total of 1,464 people are engaged in some form of volunteer work here, including air raid wardens, auxiliary firemen, police, observation post sentinels, Red Cross, etc.

"That's my Dad!"



You are proud of him, Sonny. You betcha, the whole world is proud of the airmen of the U.S.A. Someday you will be up there too. It will be peacetime flying for you, Sonny. Your Dad will see to that!



FLYING has become Man's Sixth Sense. Nature didn't give it to him.

Man had to attain it. Flying takes exceptional eyesight, physical fitness and coordination of sense and machine. Of these three things that make up the Sixth Sense—the feel of the air and the control of the machine—EYE-SIGHT, the ability to see quickly and clearly in split-seconds has been most important to fledglings of the United States Air Force in winning their wings. Good eyesight depends upon how healthy, normal eyes are used or abused. Fortunately in America much

has been learned about this since World War No. 1. Beginning with our grade schools, nurses, doctors, eye specialists and oculists have carefully watched the eye health of growing children, and the relationship of eye health to good light has been emphasized. The electrical industry, from the manufacturer of lamps to the electric company and the retail dealer, is proud of its part in the crusade of Better Light for Better Sight. America's eyes of the skies will be an important factor in the victory of Right Over Might.



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PERSONALITIES & PERSONALS



Top Comes for Brushes

Bill "Top" Froli, who used to be the king cartoonist of Carmel, and who left to tear around South America in a Norwegian freighter, and later returned to live in King City, was in town over the week-end. He came to get some good paint brushes. The ones you buy in King City, he says, shed. And when you're painting a gorgeous femme, you don't want her to come out with a beard. Top is now in the Army Air Corps with the ground crew. He works at Mesa del Rey airport, a training center of a goodly size. He looked awfully swell in his uniform.

Grandma Leidig Is 91

Mrs. Elizabeth Leidig celebrated her 91st birthday anniversary May 9. She spent one of the busiest days in all her 33,215, accepting the congratulations of the friends and relatives that kept pouring in from morning till night. In the usual Leidig style there were, of course, refreshments for all.

Evelyn Laurel a Bride

Evelyn Laurel, one of the more or less permanent fixtures at Anthony's, no longer has anything to do with permanents, nor is she a fixture there. Sunday, Mother's Day, she became the bride of Archie Young. That explains practically everything.

Mr. Cagwin Telephones

Mrs. Leland Cagwin (Jackie Smith) has taken out a lease on her own pink cloud, and well she might. Last week she received, not one, but two calls from the far, and at present practically impenetrable Hawaii. They were, of course, from her very own husband, who has been on a secret mission somewhere for the government, and he was anxious to let mainland friends and relatives know he was safely back.

Mother's Day Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Morris of Salinas, complete with small daughters, Gay and Pam, were guests at a Mother's Day dinner at the home of Mrs. Mitty Tobiasen. Also present were Mrs. Belle Alderson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Overhulse, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Overhulse, Ellsworth Montgomery, and the very young Loita Overhulse and David Tobiasen.

Guest at Dinner

Guest of honor at a Mother's Day dinner at Pine Inn was Mrs. F. W. Marria. There to see that she had an extremely good time were her son, Alf Marria, and six of his Army friends from Fort Ord—George Booher, Jack Adams, Walter Caldwell, Millard Hoar, Thomas Staller and Donald Smith. Mrs. Marria came to Carmel for a two-weeks' visit from Cuyahoga, Ohio.

Dining Room open 11 A. M. to 2 A. M.

Let's Go to **Sade's** After the Show
CARMEL Atmosphere

The Vaughneys Back

Capt. and Mrs. William M. Vaughney, Jr., who were married here last summer, and who were suddenly swished away by the army to another post, are, as all their friends know, back in town—in fact, they have been for a month or so. Friends also know that they have been living on the edge of the Mission Tract next to the Byington Fords, but what they don't know is that the Vaughneys are going to move in June. They have a house on the Mesa they're going to take and hope to be in it by the time the new little Vaughney makes its entrance. It's a funny thing about the Vaughney determination. They had always wanted a cocker spaniel named Gerard. Well, they finally got their cocker, but "he" is a girl. Nevertheless, her name is Gerard. The little Vaughney that is on its way is expected to be a boy named Peter. What happens if it's a girl? Well, look at Gerard!

Goes To See Clay

Leaving her household in the able hands of Mrs. Mary R. Otto, of Pacific Grove, Mrs. Clay Otto left Tuesday for Oakland where she will look in on her husband just to see if he is getting his proper amount of vitamins and things.

A Bit of Poesy

Miss M. Beatrice Moore, who has been staying at Holiday House for the past few months, left early Tuesday morning for home, which to her means Denver, Colo. She took the train and went by way of Los Angeles, hoping that some of the spring wild flowers have remained in the fields long enough for her to get at least a small glimpse. Did she like Carmel? Here's a stanza from a poem she inscribed in the guest book at Holiday House:

"Yes, this is Carmel-by-the-sea,
A window looking to the sea,
A pine log fire burning free,
These bring joy and ecstasy."

She hopes to be back, and soon.

Hostess to Soldiers

Ellen Habenicht was "Mom", and her daughter Robin "Sis" to 14 boys in uniform from Fort Ord. This all took place on Mother's Day when Mrs. Habenicht decided that since she couldn't have her two sons with her she would have someone else's boys. And she did, for a real home-cooked dinner. All but one of the military men were from the East coast, and they had all been away from home for from six to eight months. Needless to say, they enjoyed themselves, as did the Habenichts.

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Eva Douglass Says Goodbye

Mrs. To mDouglass left Carmel Saturday for Alameda to join her husband who is employed in a defense plant there. The Douglasses have a home in Alameda right next door to that of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth Elliott, which makes it perfect for Grandpa and Grandma Douglass and, too, for Mary Elizabeth, who finds the "whom can I leave the baby with" problem solved like all get-out.

As a farewell gesture to another Carmel pioneer who has left town for an indefinite period, members of La Estrella presented Mrs. Douglass, their former president and present secretary, with a goodbye gift at their last Friday evening meeting. The evening was spent enjoying various card games and refreshments. Hostesses were Mrs. Effie Blesh and Mrs. Agnes Farinthy. Among those present were Mrs. Ross Bonham, Mrs. Inies Warren, Mrs. B. H. Schulte, Mrs. Raymond Grabill, Mrs. Jessie Askew, Mrs. Carl Reiff, Mrs. Harriett Downy, Mrs. Stanley McClurg, Mrs. Fred Mylar, Mrs. William J. Follett, Mrs. Arthur Schroth, Mrs. L. H. Yount, Mrs. Charlotte Schultz, Estelle Mead of Pittsburgh and Miss Zella Selala.

Halle in the Army Now

Arne Halle the Banker is no more. Alas, when he returned Thursday to the Presidio of Monterey he became just another man in uniform. When they put "private" on his door now they won't be kidding. He was in town on a ten-day leave; sort of the calm before the storm.

Brownell a Welder

Herbert W. Brownell, that man who used to talk you into buying that brand new Packard you shouldn't have but couldn't resist (you know, a Packard, an automobile, a thing with tires!) has joined the many Carmel citizens at the Oakland ship yards. He's in the welding department.

Mrs. Calvin Antrim and her daughter, Barbara, were here last week with Dr. and Mrs. Clinton D. Collins. Also here was Dr. Tom Collins who will report to March Field on May 20.

**CARMEL
THEATRE**

Tonight and Tomorrow
(Matinee Tomorrow at 2:00)

**SULLIVAN'S
TRAVELS**

Veronica Lake — Joel McCrea

— ALSO —

Secret Agent of Japan
Lynn Bari — Preston Foster

Three Days starting Sunday
Continuous Sunday from 2:00

**H. M. PULHAM,
ESQ.**

Hedy LaMarr — Robert Young
Ruth Hussey

Wednesday - Thursday

**TWO-FACED
WOMAN**

Greta Garbo — Melvyn Douglas
and

Down in San Diego
Leo Gorcey - Dan Bailey, Jr.

Hither and Yon

Staying at the Fairmount in the City this past week were Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Douglas.

Her many friends will be happy to know that Mrs. Hermann Schaps is back in town, at her home on Monte Verde and Eighth. She has taken out her first citizenship papers and has a son in our army, so was exempted from the alien evacuation order.

Helene Landry, that affervescent, bubbling-over clerk at Fortier's is away on a week's vacation. She said she would breeze through San Francisco on her way to a few days of thawing-out in Modesto. If we know Helene, Modesto is going to get the thawing-out.

Nancy Leffingwell, a summer resident and frequent visitor to this town, is now the wife of Dr. Herman Iverson. The wedding took place in Baltimore. Nancy just completed her nurses' training course at Johns Hopkins and the bride and groom will stay on in Baltimore for the present.

Bill Millis was down from San Francisco for a couple of days this week. He just had enough time to see his family and a few friends before he had to hurry back to the government publicity job he has up there.

Mrs. Elizabeth D. Titus spent the weekend in Burlingame the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Vac-Tavish.

Miss Clara Dillon Baker spent the week-end in San Jose the guest of Mrs. Morgan Dillon Baker.

Home over the week-end was Philip Hatton.

**CATERING
Gussie Meyer**

Will Take Small Parties
Luncheon, Tea, Dinner
CARMEL 1000-3

In a Hurry?

Pick your phone up;
Don't get nervous;
Call Joe's Super-
Taxi Service

Call 15 & 95

**JOE'S
TAXI SERVICE**

SE corner Dolores & 6th

Next time, try the train

**The Bee-Line
to Chicago**



The Overland Route—America's first transcontinental railroad—is still the shortest from San Francisco, Oakland and Sacramento to Chicago.

Choose from these great trains:

STREAMLINER City of San Francisco speeds to Chicago in one day and two nights! A "sailing" every three days. Extra fare.

OVERLAND LIMITED is the luxurious, daily, all-Pullman train. No extra fare.

SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGER is the economy train for chair car and tourist Pullman passengers exclusively. Delicious economy meals (breakfast 50¢, luncheon 60¢, dinner 75¢). Chair car for women and children exclusively. Lounge car for tourist Pullman passengers.

PACIFIC LIMITED is the scenic train. It crosses both the High Sierra and the Rockies by daylight.



S.P.

The Friendly
Southern Pacific

F. E. WEEKS, Agent
Monterey 8561

(Continued from page 2)

nell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 7, 9 and 10 a. m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints' (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean Avenue. The Rev. Canel J. Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a. m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.

Church of the Wayfarer. Lincoln street, half a block south of Ocean Avenue. The Rev. James E. Crowther, D. D., pastor. Telephone 977-W. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a. m. Sunday School, 9:45 a. m. Junior League, 5 p. m. Epworth League, 7 p. m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde, north from Ocean Avenue a block and a half. Services, Sunday, 11 a. m. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p. m.

Reading Room, south side of Ocean Avenue, just east of Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. and evenings (except Sundays and Wednesdays) from 7 to 9 p. m.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas & Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, south of Seventh. Lloyd G. Weer (he acts in Carmel plays sometimes), manager. Telephone 778. If no answer try 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh streets. Telephone 20.

California Water and Telephone Company (Not in the telephone business, around these parts, anyway). Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building, Dolores street, just north of Seventh. Telephone 138.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. Downtown district, Ocean Avenue and Mission street. Regular motion picture programs every night with matinees on Saturdays and Sundays. E. G. Kuster, resident manager. Telephone 282.

Carmel Playhouse. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth streets. Edward G. Kuster, owner-manager. Shows foreign and second run pictures occasionally. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city within park and playground area. Mountain View, three blocks south of Ocean Avenue.

POST OFFICE

Dolores street, just north of Sixth. Ernest Bixler, postmaster. No mail delivery. Mail in boxes at 10:30 a. m.,

3 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Sundays, 10:30 a. m.

Outgoing mail closes at 8 a. m., 1 p. m. and 7 p. m. The 8 a. m. makes good air connections with north, south and east mail, and good for ordinary mail going south and east. Not so good for mail to San Francisco. The 1 o'clock mail out is best for ordinary mail in all directions, fine for air mail north, not so good for airmail south. The 7 o'clock p. m. mail out carries no air mail. Mail goes out Sunday (closing time) at 2:10 p. m.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. John Beach, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean Avenue and Seventh street. Telephone 630 or call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North-east corner of Ocean Avenue and Dolores street. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street, just south of Seventh. One of Carmel's most beautiful business structures, both outside and in. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. South-east corner of Sixth and Dolores streets. Telephones 15 and 95.

Greyhound Depot 24-hour service. South-west corner of Sixth and Dolores streets. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Carmel-Monterey Stage office. South-west corner of Sixth and Dolores streets. Telephone 40.

LEAVE CARMEL

A. M.—7:15, 8, 8:50, 9:45, 10:25, 11:05, 11:45. P. M.—12:25, 1:15, 2:05, 3, 4:05, 4:50, 5:30, 6, 6:45, 7:35, 8:05, 8:45, 9:45, 11:15.

LEAVE MONTEREY

A. M.—7:40, 8:15, 9:15, 10, 10:45, 11:30. P. M.—12:10, 12:45, 1:30, 2:30, 3:25, 4:30, 5:15, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15, 7:50, 8:30, 9:30, 10:45, 11:30.

BUS SERVICE

Call 40 for schedule of Pacific Greyhound buses leaving Monterey.

training that led Secretary of the Navy Knox to ask the Boy Scouts of America to help in a special effort to recruit those who have had sea scout training and who are otherwise qualified for officers in a new type of naval service, thus giving definite recognition to the value of sea scouting.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

INSURE YOUR SAVINGS

with
Carmel Bldg. & Loan Association
Ocean Avenue

DR. T. GRANT PHILLIPS

Chiropractor
Colonial Irrigations
Laidig Apts., Dolores Street.
Phone 202-W

Unwanted Hair Permanently Removed by Modern Method of

MULTIPLE ELECTROLYSIS
Anthony Beauty Salon
Fine Inn Garden Shop, Tel. 126

SUNDECK POULTRY MARKET

Fresh Poultry, Produce and Ranch Eggs
Dolores St. Carmel 640

INSURANCE

Of All Kinds
May Be Purchased Through

P. A. McCREERY
Insurance Manager for

THOBURNS

Dolores St. Box 148

Call Carmel 142-W

M. J. Murphy, Inc.

Monte Verde at 9th Carmel 154

Wood

Lumber

Paint

Shingles - Kindling
Coal

"Everything to Build a Home"



Village Book Shop

Old and New Books
For Rent and For Sale

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Box 850

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Special Attention to
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WE CALL FOR & DELIVER

(Also Cash and Carry Discount)

Junipero at 5th Carmel 1706-W

CARMEL AUTO SERVICE

Charles M. Childers

Lubrication, Washing
Steam Cleaning

Standard Oil Products

MISSION AND SIXTH

TEXACO and GOODRICH

Products

BURGESS AUTO SERVICE

N.E. Cor. San Carlos and 7th

Classified Ads

RATES: 10 cents a line for one insertion (minimum 50 cents); 15 cents a line for two insertions; 20 cents a line, three insertions; 25 cents a line, four insertions. (Special rates for standing ads for six months or more.)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

SOMETHING FINE—and not high-priced! Lovely Carmel stone house. Two stories. Two bedrooms. Two baths. Living room, dining room and kitchen. Secluded patio. Beautiful view from upstairs. Two block from the ocean. If you are at all interested in owning a Carmel home you should see this property. **ARTHUR T. SEAND**, Ocean Avenue, between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Telephone 182. (20)

Call 1-100 for THE CYMBAL

DINING OUT TODAY?

Restaurants

COOKSLEY'S

Fountain & Restaurant

Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner
Dolores at Seventh

NORMANDY INN

FEATURING THE BUFFET TABLE

Breakfasts, Lunches, Dinners

Ocean Avenue and Monte Verde

ASIA INN

American and Chinese Dishes

Dolores near Seventh

The Blue Bird

Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner

Ocean Avenue near Lincoln

STEVE'S CHOP HOUSE

Colorful... Delightful

Lincoln and Sixth

McDonald's Dairy

Dairy Products - Fountain

Service

Breakfasts

Ocean between San Carlos and

Mission Phone 706

Home Cooked Meals

Steaks - Chicken - Turkey

DINNERS

BISHOP'S

6th and San Carlos Carmel

Restaurants

with Tap Rooms

Sade's

Restaurant open 11 a. m. to 2 a. m.

Ocean near Monte Verde

WHITNEY'S

Continental Dining Room

Ocean Avenue

DE LOE TAP ROOM

Sandwiches Served

Ocean near Library

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

EXCEPTIONAL

RENTAL VALUES

Furnished Cottages and Houses

MICHAEL ABBOTT

Licensed Real Estate Broker
Dolores near Ocean Tel. 1940

CARMEL VALLEY

IF YOU WANT to live in the CARMEL VALLEY—either to buy or to rent—Call Irene I. Baldwin. Licensed Real Estate Broker. Robles del Rio. Telephone Carmel 13-J-12. (15-20)

FOR RENT

GROUND FLOOR room and bath. Separate entrance. Sunny. Hill view. Easy walk from town. Reasonable. References asked. Tel. Carmel 464. (20)

LOVELY FRONT BEDROOM—Close in. Kitchen privileges. Tel. 1151-W. (20)

SEE THE OWNER of this bargain—Three bedroom house 2 baths, gas heat, in Carmel Woods for \$55 per month. Tel. 654. (19)

FOR SALE

FOUR CHAIRS and table Dinette set. Inquire at Sundeck Poultry Market on Dolores, or call Carmel 640. (20)

WATTS AIRE has everything under the sun—brass, copper, pressed glass, china, small cabinets, walnut frames, chests and chairs, 221 Forest avenue, Pacific Grove. Tel. 4898. (20-22)

IRON WORK

RE-OPENED—The Forge in the Forest. Blacksmithing and welding. Specializing in repair of farm machinery. One day service. Junipero and 6th, opposite city park, Carmel. Phone 180. (12-22)

WORK WANTED

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER now available. Marcia Haskell, Court of Las Tiendas Building, phones 1630 and 880-J. (15-23)

HAND-BLOCKING of all knitted and crocheted woolen garments. Water-blocking exclusively. Tel. 1969-R mornings and evenings. (12-20)

EXPERT WORK—Floors cleaned and waxed—have my own electric polisher—also do painting and repairing. G. Ricketson. Phone 924. Box 1272, Carmel. (11)

SALESMEN WANTED

RAWLEIGH ROUTE now open. Real opportunity for man who wants permanent, profitable work. Start promptly. Write Rawleigh's, Dept. CAE-455-K, Oakland, Calif. (20)

MASSEUR

MASSEUR—Phone Carmel 249. for treatment in your home. (17-20)

LOST AND FOUND

LOST PET INFORMATION—If you find a lost dog or if you lose your own—telephone 214-W. Lemon's (Sporting Goods and Pet Supplies) will act as an exchange for information about lost animals. Sorry we can't keep a stray dog but we will try to find his owner while you look after him. We will also give information to the Cymbal which runs lost-pet ads free. (11-19)

DOG AND CATS

HOME WANTED for Dalmatian (Couch dog) Bitch, 2 years old, gentle. Free to good home where she will not be run over. Tel. Monterey 7798 after 6 p. m. only. (20)

Victory 'Camel-Back' Tires for Congress



Here are members of the house interstate commerce committee as they inspected 15 retread tires developed under a new process which will provide immediate solution to America's tire problem. The tires, called "Victory Camel-Back," were made under government supervision with five pounds of reclaimed scrap rubber and two ounces of crude rubber. Elliot E. Simpson of New York, an independent rubber dealer, presented the tires. Shown left to right are Elliot E. Simpson, Rep. Clarence F. Lea of California, who is chairman of the committee, and Rep. F. G. Holmes of Massachusetts.

Don Blanding Strides in Among Us; After All, He's a Good Guy

Don Blanding returned to town for a day's visit this week. He has been living in Florida for the two years since he disposed of his "Vagabond House" on Camino Real and departed Carmel. He came in to see us at the Cymbal office and we found him the same genial, much-alive Blanding he was when he left us. We wondered what we could say about this quite distinguished visitor in this week's issue of our paper. His being so much as he was when he left Carmel for Florida suggested to us that we re-print our comments in tribute to him and too, in defense of him, printed in The Cymbal on March 12, 1937, the week after the Pine Cone's terrible "Don Blanding Edition". Here it is and still true.

This is an attempt to undo about 15 pages of injustice done my good friend Don Blanding last week by others, and about 17 done to him by himself. In the public print, Blanding said, among other things, that he would like to "belong" to this community. It is my heartfelt desire to help him accomplish this. If possible, I would like to set him right in the eyes of Carmel. Truly he is not what those 32 pages make him appear. Really he is a very decent fellow.

And I should know. For more than seventeen years I have known him. There was a certain space of time intervening between seeing him last in Hawaii and seeing him again in Carmel. But he has not changed. He is today what he was then—except for avoirdupois. No longer can he flit along a beach "in the altogether", as he has done at Waimanalo, to the delight of those to whom Greek gods spell the highest beauty; no longer can he pivot as a marble statue on a rock in a Kalihi valley pool—but he is still the Don Blanding of Hawaii, open-hearted, good-humored, guileless, tireless in pushing the fortunes of himself, but paying his way with kindness, charity and good entertainment.

Shear off the absurd titles in that special edition of last week: "Vagabond on the Loose", "Centaur in Lapis", "Prince of Dreams", "Purveyor of Jewels", "Truck Driver with the Soul of Pan", and you still have Don Blanding, a simple guy, well worth knowing, with the justifiable motive of getting along in the world and having people like him while he is doing it.

It is something of a pity that in this public print last week, a small town editor's blue pencil cut from Blanding's own story about himself the very paragraph that would have saved him. In it he told what started him writing verse for consumption by the general public. He told how in 1920 in Honolulu he had been writing advertising jingles and then began jingling what he saw about him—human things and the glories of Hawaii's Nature. One day he took his verses to a friend who was at the time on the city desk of the Honolulu Advertiser. What did the editor think of them? This was the answer: "They are just bad enough, Don, and not too good

to strike the public fancy. You can sell them."

So, "Leaves from a Grass House" were assembled and sent forth. They sold.

Don Blanding did not believe then that he was a poet. He doesn't believe today that he is. He writes rhymes, rhymes that are pleasing, even moving, to a certain stratum of society—and, above all, they sell. Which, in the long run, is Blanding's objective. He is making his way in the world. He has made it—solely by his own efforts. He would rather be a versifier than a poet. It's more remunerative and, to a large extent, more glamorous, to be worshipped by sentimental thousands than revered by esthetic tens.

Blanding has much in common with Eddie Guest, but he possesses a virtue Eddie doesn't have. Guest takes himself seriously; actually believes that he is what he seems to millions of newspaper readers, a great poet. Blanding has no such illusions about himself. Eddie Guest can write: "It takes a lot o' living to make a house a home" and feel that he is more than half way up Parnassus. Blanding can pen: "The dream house grows from the very soil; stone and timber and honest toil" and know that a 14-year-old school boy could do that—and sell it, too—if he weren't so busy with baseball and flying kites.

No, Don Blanding is really a good guy, and not deserving of what was handed to him last week. Certainly, if he is sincere in wanting to "belong" in Carmel, and I believe in his sincerity, he made a mistake in permitting this Blanding Edition to suffocate him in its sickening succulence.

But in coming to his defense, in trying to explain that he is merely marketing his wares out in the open sunshine without pose and, too, without poetry, I should like to divert the Carmel arrows from him. To further this desire let me quote, without his permission, but in his service, three stanzas from his "Virgin of Waikiki". It may help to take some of that bad taste out of your mouths.

Out at Waikiki by a sobbing sea,
In a district rather sporty,
In a banyan's shade lived a virgin maid
Who was just this side of forty.

She did not go to a movie show,

For she had no one to take her;
And she did not stray from the narrow way
Because nobody tried to make her.

It was half-past ten when she left her den,
Feeling wild and very flighty,
And she boldly strolled down Kalia Road
In a flimsy chiffon nighty.

Carmel can take Blanding to its bosom on that one. He may be a "Centaur in Lapis" and a "Truck Driver with the Soul of Pan" to the rest of the world, but on Ocean Avenue let us remember that he wrote "The Virgin of Waikiki" and forgive him the absurdities of his misguided friends.
—W. K. B.

Scrap Drive



A Salvation Army lassie is shown inspecting a huge pile of discarded automobile license tags collected to be turned over to swell the "bag" in Philadelphia's scrap drive. The tags, gathered by a large automobile club, represent "mournful numbers" for the Axis.

A Good Victory Garden Is Good American Defense

Just dropping seeds in the ground won't produce miracles—

You've got to take care of gardens and work in them...



Fertilizer

Sack .50

Cu. Yd. 3.50

Leaf Mold

Sack .50

Cu. Yd. 4.00

PLAZA FUEL CO.

Carmel 180

Mother Receives Mother's Day Letter From Commander of Son's Regiment

Here's something new in the business of being colonel of a regiment, and very good it is, too. Mrs. John F. Verner of Carmel received the following letter on Mother's Day:

To the Mothers of the Men of the Twelfth Cavalry:

It is my privilege to be in command of the Twelfth Cavalry of which your son is a member. On behalf of the 59 officers and 1270 enlisted men of this regiment I send you greetings on Mother's Day.

We are engaged in a task for our country, a grim task in which men strong in body and sturdy in character will succeed. With our American heritage and with your help at home, have no fear, we cannot lose.

F. W. Boye, Colonel
12th Cavalry.

The letter is signed also by

the first lieutenant and the chaplain of the regiment.

Gretchen Ellyia and Schatz Herron are back in town after a visit to San Francisco and Oakland. They report they had a super time and are all ready to go again.

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel

Monte Verde Street, One Block North of Ocean Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Service 11 a.m.
Wednesday Eve. Meeting 8 p.m.

Reading Rooms

Ocean Avenue, Nr. Monte Verde
Open Week-days 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Wednesday 11 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.
Sundays 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Public Cordially Invited

NIELSEN BROS. GROCERY

Dolores near Seventh

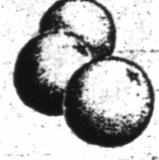
Carmel 963-964

BUY FOOD for HEALTH Keep Strong -- Keep Fit

It's the American Way to Victory



Fresh Vegetables



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Where to Stay

Beautiful Highlands Inn
European Plan
Rates \$3.50 to \$6.00 per day
—Per Couple—
4 miles South of Carmel
on State Highway No. 1

McPHILLIPS' HOTEL
Moderate Rates / Day, Week or Month.
Special Rates for Men in Uniform
Box 1014 - Tel. 813
5th and San Carlos Carmel

Seventh and Lincoln
Telephone Carmel 800

La Ribera

"Home of Hospitality"

Rates from \$3
European Plan

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Apartment Hotel

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Telephone 1758

THE CARMEL INN

a homelike atmosphere

Single - Double
Rooms - and Cottage
By day-week-month

San Carlos near 7th Tel. 891

THE CYMBAL'S Telephone
Number is One-One Hundred.

DENNY-WATROUS MANAGEMENT Presents
THE TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST in

"Deserted at the Altar"

with OLIO

Closing Last Two Times—Sat., Sun., May 16, 17 at 8:30
FIRST THEATER, MONTEREY

Tickets 55c, \$1.10 at Staniford's Drug Store